

1972



**Out of chaos the
imagination frames
a thing of beauty.**

— J. L. Lowes

THE GLEANER



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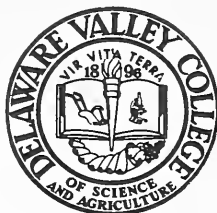
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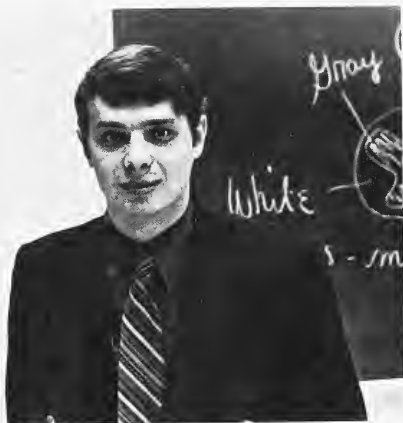
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The GLEANER is published twice during the school year by the students of Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture, Doylestown, Pennsylvania. The GLEANER is a student publication, and the opinions expressed herewith are not necessarily those of the GLEANER staff or the Administration. Neither the College nor the staff will assume responsibility for plagiarism unknowingly occurring within.

EDITORS CORNER

One may raise an eyebrow at the appearance of this magazine in his mailbox and re-raise it upon reading the quote on the inside cover. The GLEANER was manned by a one man army this year in an attempt to maintain a standard of excellence which has existed in the literary sense for the last few years. True, the GLEANER is a 'bi-annual' publication published for the benefit of the students and alumni. May it be noted that all one man is capable of doing is collecting the blame for deadlines not reached and jobs not completed.

The staff of the GLEANER this year was negligible. Assistance was non-existent and material was unsatisfactory. If the college is to continue to have a literary magazine on campus, it will have to offer more student cooperation and assistance. In the past two years, the GLEANER has won national recognition as a superior magazine in the categories in which it was entered. Let's not throw away something that with a little help can benefit us all. Those people who are interested will please contact Dr. George Keys.



Assistant Professor Of Animal Science
MR. GARY BRUBAKER



Assistant Professor Of Animal Science
DR. FREDRICK HOFSAESS

DEDICATION

In September of 1970, the Animal Husbandry Department of Delaware Valley College added two new members to its faculty staff. These two men have been instrumental in updating as well as adding courses to the department's curriculum. New teaching methods and an awareness of student feelings have broken the gap between these teachers and their students, making for improved student-teacher relationships. Collectively, this dynamic duo is referred to as the 'VPI Whiz Kids' while many of their individual tests are called the 'Brubaker Bomb' and the 'Hofsaess Hatchet'.

Dr. Gary Lee Brubaker was born in October, 1945 in Du Bois, Pennsylvania. He graduated from Delaware Valley College in May of 1967 and received his Ph.D. in Animal Physiology at Virginia Polytechnic Institute in June of 1970. In between the time that he spends at his many committee meetings on campus, Dr. Brubaker finds time to remodel his recently acquired home and tinker with his cars and antiques. Dr. Brubaker is married to the former Donna Mowrey of Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania. The Brubakers presently live in Gardenville, and have two young daughters, Jill and Jackie.

Dr. Fredrick Roger Hofsaess was born in the month of October, 1945, in Mountainside, N. J. He graduated from Delaware Valley College in May of 1967 and was awarded a grant by the NDEA to pursue his Ph.D. In June of 1970, Dr. Hofsaess was awarded his Ph.D. in Animal Physiology from Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Although active in many faculty committee meetings, Dr. Hofsaess saves time to enjoy target practicing with hand guns and tinkering with his vintage model pick-up truck and scale model ships. Dr. Hofsaess is married to the former Elizabeth Ann Haldimann, also of Mountainside, N. J., who graduated from Berkeley School in East Orange, New Jersey.

The Hofsaess family, which is expecting a new arrival in the near future, lives in the Goldman Hall Apartments. Dr. and Mrs. Hofsaess have one daughter, Edith Ann, 19 months old.

It gives the editorial staff of the GLEANER great pleasure to dedicate this magazine to two members of the faculty who are undoubtedly going to make great strides in their future at DVC.

A TIME FOR CONTEMPLATION

Thoughts of a Moment

— Cris Klipp, '72

A time, a place
A smile, a face
Blue-green eyes
Satin lace.

Long blond hair,
A certain air
of love and warmth,
It's always there.

Soft voice sounds
of joys abound
Speaking love
To all above.

She's tall and slight
From left to right.
A simple prayer
for her at night.

Hmmmm

— G. Miller, '72

How soft, and sterile
we kiss.
Almost as if to avoid
the fact,
that one night
we shared the same bed.

The Willow

— Dillon Williams, 72

The green pasture waved in the evening breeze,
The stream gurgled as it ran to please
My tired feet. And as I sat and contemplated sorrow,
A gentle mist began to cover up the morrow.
Out of this mist, one sod, grave tree stood
With mystic form, in which I could
See a hundred years go by. Each passed
Revealing words of wisdom cast
Upon a weary traveler's mind,
He wishing that he had the time
To sit and think. But too long a road
To travel, and too heavy his load.
Now swaying only by my breath,
The willow beckoned me to come and rest.
To see her weep was too great a temptation,
Her grief would be my grief in contemplation.
The weeping willow stands in a state of solitude
And bids me come and share her pensive mood.



Solitude

— G. Miller, '72

I lie here,
sleepless as the stars.
My thoughts wander
and streak across the sky.

I hear footsteps
and hopefully,
I open my eyes,
only to be greeted
by the bleak walls
and the empty space beside me.

Dressing,
I think of our times
together, when we
touched each other's
mind and body
in splendor and innocence.

Walking,
I try to forget
the bad times;
the harsh words
and the quick tempers.

Memories
of a thousand laughs
and tears scurry
across my mind as
I trod back
to my humble dwelling.

Finally, I surrender
to fatigue and solitude,
and topple to the
familiar tear-dampened
chill of my pillow.

OBSERVANCE

— Cris Klipp, '72

Never walk so fast
you can't smell the flowers.
Don't pass by the statues,
the white ivory towers.

Open your eyes
broaden your senses.
Look around corners
over high fences.

There is lots of world
so much yet to see.
To feel and to smell
by you and by me.

Many you'll find, say
there's time for all this.
But a lot of these folks
these beauties will miss.

God made this world
for all of mankind.
With wonders and sights
for all men to find.

So be ever observant,
hear every sound.
Use all your senses
and true "life" you've found.

An Autumn Spell

— Dillon Williams, 72

Autumn descends upon the orchard fields,
Her cape of gray billowing across the hills.
Forests green stand as her statured escorts,
Then silently she takes me by the arm
And harvests all my summer thoughts
Reaping them like seasoned joys,
Binding them like shieves of wheat.
Then slowly, chill by chill,
She casts her autumn spell
Until my mind and being are lost with
Her in pleasant solitude.
Wandering the hills of scarlet-gold,
Her palette spilled on every mountain side;
We journeyed far into the woods
Where mid-day sun is only shade.
I seemed to float—suspended in her
Burning sorrow.
I fell into unnatural sleep, and when
I awoke—
Time was yesterday's tomorrow.

— Ana Simon, '75

I stand in a field of crowd . . .
Alone.
Take my hand.



— Cris Klipp, '72

The snow did cloak that western town
Falling quickly—soft as down
Over trees and fields and crops
Roads, people—chimney tops.

QUESTION

— G. Miller, '72

Time,
must you be so torturous?
Must you dig your
heels and laugh
as I writhe beneath
your taunting face?

Love,
must you be so strong?
Must you kindle the fire
so rapidly as to burn
the passion deeper?

Pride,
must you be so valid?
Must you come between
love and passion as
to forbid the full
expression of either?

Yes.

Proclamation

— GARY MILLER

*MEN MAY WRITE
MANY LINES OF WORDS,
IN WITNESS OF
WOODLAND GREEN.*

*BUT NO MAN CAN
SKETCH FROM READING
LINES — AT BEST,
A WRITTEN SCENE.*

*BUT ALAS, GOD WAS
AN ARTIST,
AND I AM BUT A POET.*



Autumn...A Time of Life

— Cris Klipp, '72

Youth, I have—
Something which they lack
The elders begrieve this point
And often show their jealousy.

They themselves were young
And enjoyed their lives
As I do now. Why then
their criticisms?

My life, now in its spring
Is blossoming and full of life.
While they in their Autumn
Show age and regret my youth.

Death

— G. Miller, '72

What to do,
Where to go,
Whom to ask,
We run to and fro
in a hopeless world.

People's faces
Never changing.
Each his own
Face complaining
with endless taunts and jeers

Where to hide,
Whom to tell
We each seek out
Our secret hell.

Martyrs all,
We run and hide.
Never to face
the ruthless tide
of inevitable death.





Deep Purple

— Dillon Williams, 72

Deep purple is the color of my mood
Reflected by the evening's purple crown.
The violets spring to life again
While autumn crocus bow their heads.
The pond has changed from green to brown
And the leaves from spring to fall.
The squirrel buries his winter treasure
As the blue jay watches from his throne,
Wrapped in his royal cloak.
The frost has put an end to spring;
The days now short and drear.
I climb upon my boat of fallen leaves
And sail passed summer's end.
I close my eyes to elude the dark blue
Skies of night.
Deep purple is the color of my dreams,
Visions of the dying season,
And only in my solitude
Can I preserve this autumn mood.

JUST FOR YOU

— Bill Ward

Whenever I think of days gone by
I think only of the good,
I dream of You and only sigh . . . and
Thank You kindly because rightly I should.

You appear to me to be a person of fun
One who takes life as it comes and goes,
So if You ever need a favor tell me and I'll run
And of my love for You, this is how it shows.

Many times I look and stare at the trees
And wonder at the life of the bees,
But when looking at You, I'm compelled to stare
Because Your beauty is something very rare.

What I'm trying to say is that:
"To be happy, all one has to do
Is know someone like You!"

— Philippa Bowles, '75

Reach up to the sky and you'll find yourself
in a cloud floating by.
When all hell erupts, find peace in the heavens above.
Look to nature to calm your bitter tensions.
No one soothes us more than mother earth.
Seek out the silent wind that blows forever tranquil.
Challenge the sun,
by climbing the grassy hills.
Release all frustrations, like the pouring rain
draining one's soul of hate.
Remember the beauty that still grows in
uninhibited forests.
Let yourself free . . .
Escape all chains and negative thought
Find glory in the heavens.

Autobiography of a Creature from Deep Heaven

— Edward O'Brien, Jr.

I was the spark
who lit the face of God
when he flicked his rod
to quell the hateful dark.

I am the sire
of life when I tease
my kiss on primal seas.
I am sunfire.

My nudge is so fine
electrons bounce at my push.
A comet's tail bends to my brush,
I am starshine.

I fly so fast
that none can prove
I made a move
until I'm past,

nor seize my trace
of falling fire-ice
as I streak and slice
through fields of space.

**He pauses, and upon hearing a certain
important voice, somewhat regretfully says:**

Yes, I'm irked, know why?
Though I graze Saturn and sear it,
the remarkable speed of spirit
is faster than I.

The Crutch

— Philippa Bowles, '75

Escape from life through tears and drink,
Without success one turns a fink
Then drugs, and pot, and acid too.
We look no more, upon the day . . . to rise afresh
With earth's rest.
On and on life endures
While we try to find some cures
So we go with all the hell, which we did make to
Turn our faces from the Truth.



The Dove

— Dillon Williams, 72

Our dove is a small white bird
With her own blood on her wing.
Some think that protest keeps her living
But she is slowly dying.
The hawk seems swift and stronger
His beak a razor sharp.
With knife like claws and bayonet beak
He rips our dove apart.
How can such a pure small dove
Triumph over such a fowl?
Is her strength in protest marches violent?
Does it lie in angry growls?
Her strength goes not to Washington
To cast a glowing ember.
Too many scream "Peace", "Love"
But how to live in peace, they can't remember.
We must find peace within ourselves
If we are to heal the dove.
Then we can spread real peace to others
By the means of peace—our love.

LOVE and UNDERSTANDING

— Bill Ward

Life starts with love as a man and a woman

Bring into the world a new born bud,

You receive your first bump

By a smack on the rump,

Only to let you know of the score

That on the way are many more.

You are sent off to a so-called home of happiness and bliss.

Only to find it full of misery and fists,

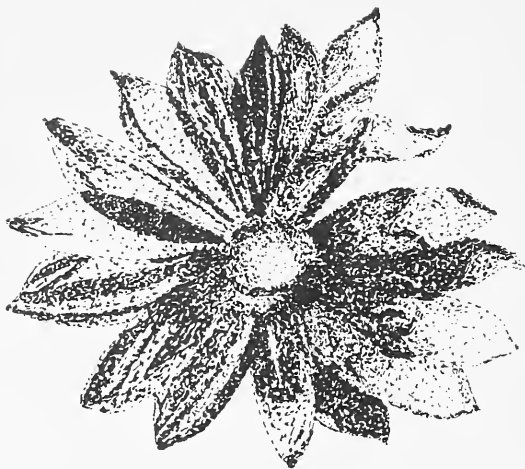
You are then sent off to school so you won't be called a fool.

Now the time has come for you to break away

to be treated like a tree tossed and swayed,

So just remember, your parents may have been right:

Because there's two parts day and night!



Like Daisies Do

— Dillon Williams, 72

If I were to say you are a charm
Brighter than a piece of gold—
If I were to say you are a gem
Worth more than milk white pearls—
If I were to say you have a smile
That makes the roses blush—
Would you say I am looking through a beveled mirror, distorting all
my views?
Would you say a speck of dust has blurred my vision?
I cannot help but compliment the petals of a rose so rich a hue
when wet with dew.
The moon must always seek the sun.
If I were to say you are warmer than the sunshine, and you see that
sparkle in my eye,
Say nothing that would change blue skies to gray—
But smile, like daisies do in May.

— Cris Klipp, '72

I have a little kitty,
Freddy he is called.
He's a real nice little pussy
Even though he's bald.

I have a little hamster
And his name is Fred.
Yesterday he didn't move.
Do you think he's dead?

I have a parakeet.
Michael is his name.
Since he flew into the wall
He hasn't been the same.

I have a little fish,
Boy, he's really great.
Wait, little fish,
The cat just ate.

I have a new pet now,
He is a big reptile.
Yesterday he shed his skin
Now he'll rest a while.

I have a dog, his name is Mush.
And I groom him with a brush.
I make him go and fetch the stick
Then he gives me a big lick.

Goals of Life

— Cris Klipp, '72

A day began,
a little man,
A walk he took,
A babbling brook
The man did pass
Looking for his
loving lass.

To tell of dreams
of crystal streams,
of love of life
of fear of strife.
For dreams he found
had made his life
with joy abound.

— Ana Simon, '75

The pinecones have fallen,
but yet their scent remains.
The gnarled branch imparts
A beauty-magic, exquisite,
that defies the rational mind.
Inexplicable but real.

For A Stone-lined Well

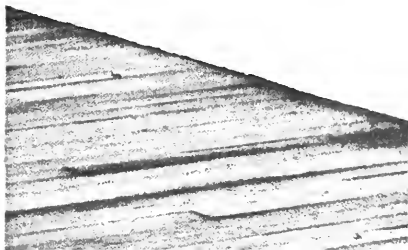
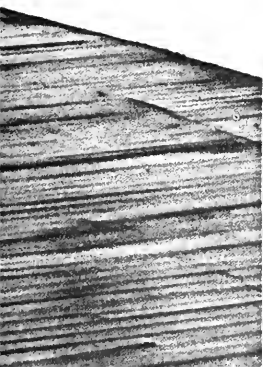
— Dillon Williams, 72

There's a place I know not far from here
If you think you'd like to walk.
It's a woods by the edge of a farmer's field, not too many people
know.
From the outside it looks just like any woods, with the trees grown
tall and thin;
From the inside it seems to be tucked away from the rest,
You can't really tell till you're in.
There's an old stone wall, what's left of a house that has been gone
for many a year.
And the brambles and brush around the wall don't show its worth
too clear.
The ash and walnut creak in the wind
Their branches serve as a roof for the spirits that still linger there
Though no boiling cauldron, no soothe.
Not far from the house is a stone-lined well whose sides are carved
with moss
Over which the vines of honeysuckle grow
These remnants not measured in cost.
To some who come, this place is barren
A rockpile worthless as sand.
To me it's an artifact from the past,
The art of a mason's skilled hand.





Grow old slowly, dear house.
That you may remember me
Long after I remember you.



Meditation

— Tom Kendig, '72

Love the one
To you who's near,
Make her smile,
Love her dear.

Give her reason
To believe,
That her side
You'll never leave.

For her heart
Is yours alone,
And her life
It is your own.

So, take the time
And make her see,
Your love will last
Eternally.

